

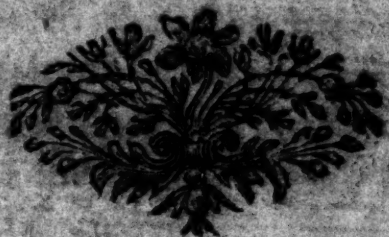
M — C K L — N's
A N S W E R
T O
T U L L Y.

—— *Populus me, sibilat: at mihi Plaudo
Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arca.*

HORACE,

*They hiss; why let them hiss, in case they're willing,
It hurts not me — whilst I can touch the Skilling.*

M — C K L — N,



L O N D O N :

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at the British Museum, London.



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(Printed by W. C. K. A. - A.)



T O

MARK TULLY, *Esq^r*,

At his House in —

Elizium.

From the *Piazza in Covent-Garden.*

Saturday. January 4th. 1754.

Dear Sir

I Snatch this Opportunity (melancholy as it is) of returning you Thanks for your kind Letter; I say, melancholy; for my dearest Friend, *Sam F—te*, the only Man I ever esteemed, and sorry am I to say it, the only Man that ever esteemed me — *Sam* — poor *Sam* died last Night at his House in the *Hay-market*: In that House where he had been labouring Night after Night to serve me and my Family

mily — by hurting us as far as in him lay.
Excuse that Sentence from the Orator —
consider it as from the *Irishman*. — Oh! my
Country! —

*Exit Sam F—te — his Farce of Life is o'er ;
Nor shall he screw his Phyz mimetick more.
Weep, Casey, Buckhorse, weep thy Master's Fall,
Death has ta'en off the Taker-off of all.*

But enough of this mournful Subject ;
I may drop next. — You have long dispaired,
you say, of seeing some new Genius starting
into Renown, who might fill the hundred
brazen Tongues of Fame, and find Employ-
ment for all her Mouths * — but now it is
come about. *Upon my Word and Credit*
you make me blush, and that *all the World*
have long dispaired of. 'Tis strange — to-
tally strange — how Things are brought to
Being.

Every Sage and Orator, of ancient and
modern Times, unite, you say, in one Sen-
timent
* *Who might fill the hundred brazen Mouths
of Fame, and find Employment for all her Tongues.*

Tully to M—ckl—n.

timent on my Merits : Why, really People seem all to have one Sentiments as to my Merit here too. I am obliged to *Epicurus* for his good Opinion of the Conduct of my Tavern, but as it is not consistent with an Orator to be a Tapster, and finding that my Tavern is the only Thing which promises Success, I am determin'd to drop it ; and as I told my Lord — will mix with Gentlemen again.

Tho' I have been lately inform'd that yourself when alive kept the *Robinhood* ; and People here will have it in spite of me that you was a *Roman*. — As for *Diogenes's* applauding my cynick Physiognomy in a jealous Manner, I should be glad to oblige any Gentleman when in my Power, and in case he's so fond of my Face, if he'll send me up his by the next Post, mine shall be remitted ; but I must have his first, as my Face is the only thing which supports me, next to my Legs.

You receiv'd Instructions, you say from attending the most celebrated Masters in Rhetoric, and other Branches of polite and instructive

instructive Literature : from Study, Travels, Midnight Meditation, &c ; but that I have done all without any thing of that Kind ; ah ! you are very good ; I remember Mr. *H—ck—tt* told me the same Thing one Night at my Oratory ; the only Compliment I Ever received there. This young Gentleman has talk'd himself into an Opinion that he was fit and well qualified for the Stage ; but Mr. *R—cb* refus'd him without hearing him ; 'tis suppos'd, because he was one of my Friends. 'Tis odd, I say odd ; but really, *upon my Honour*, when a Man begins to think me — *sensible* — that Instant the World begins to think him a *Fool*.

Henley may be damn'd : — my Parents were — Parents to me, what they were or who they were, I will not say, but they were *Parents* to me : and as for my Father's begetting me in a deep Recess, I believe most Father's beget their Children in *deep Recesses*. — The Frauds of Men have been my chief Study, 'tis true ; and the human Artifices have claim'd my chief Attention : but you know *Shakespeare's Falconbridge* says,
This

*This tho' I will not practise to deceive,
Yet to avoid Deceit, I mean to learn.*

I have ascended, you observe, from the Depths of Science to a Rostrum of my own; and to what Height I shall at last attain, to terminate my illustrious Days, the Gods forbid you to disclose. People say here, that no one can give me the true Meaning of that last Sentence but one *John Ketch*. But Merit will have Envy for its Concomitant :

We Suns of Glory please not till we set.

The Praises you heap on me for my Criticisms on *Shakespeare* cover me with Confusion; tho' to be sure, I did hit it off there — Yes; I think I did hit it off there. But enough of that. — If *Billy* and you are acquainted, make my Compliments to him and tell him that besides *me* he has a good Friend, as a Commentator, in Dr. *W-rb-rt-n*. — And as for *Aristotle's* hanging his Head with Shame at being thought a Critic, since I have chosen that Study; why, there's nothing in't: I cannot say I know the Gentleman; but, I say again, there's nothing in't: for

for tho' Fate has ordained me to be what I am, yet I have heard he is very great in his Way. Nor do I see why *Billy Shakespeare* should rave at the Prompter's Publication of his Works; come, come; they are all very well; — tho' for certain, his *Jew* — his *Skylock* is not so very great — but you must know, 'tis the Business of a good *first-rate* Player to make *much* out of a *little*: And I think — I think I shou'd that Character to Advantage.

About the Affair of the Pandæmonium — I am afraid you have been wrong informed; for when I read,

————— *a while I stood expecting
Their universal Shout, and high Applause
To fill my Ear; when contrary I heard
On all Sides, from innumerable Tongues
A dismal universal Hiss.* —————

MILTON.

But as I observed before, Envy must always — always detract from that Joy which otherways would be too much to bear, when arising from the Applause of the Learned and

and the Great. I complain'd of this Usage, but a Gentleman observ'd that as I had at the Beginning call'd myself the *Grand Devil* and waggishly term'd the Audience my *Pandæmonium*, a Hiss was the most proper Token of Applause; as *Milton* himself assures us, when the Devil had finish'd, the others signified their Applause by a Hiss.

Well — well — upon my Word and Credit after all I am almost tir'd of this Affair: Yet nothing hurts me but the Infamy the Villains throw on my *moral Character*: As for their *Laughing* at my *serious* Orations, hissing my Lectures, &c — It is nothing at all; they must pay for their Sport. But as I was a saying, my *moral Character* — my Character as a *Man* — ah! there I feel; there I feel; upon my *Honour*, I do insist on it; that there I am ill used — My Birth too — why what of that? for as the wise *Ovid* says in *Ulysses's Metamorphoses*.

*Nam gener et Patavos atque non fecimus isti
Vixen a nostra foco.*

B

That

That is to say, — but I beg Pardon — to be sure you know what it means — for a Man of your Spirit must be acquainted with *Sammy Garth*. —

However — to vindicate myself in some Measure from these Aspersions — I must beg Leave to give you a little Detail of my Life in *private*, — that the *Publick* may be asham'd of themselves.

My Father by the Time I was seven Year old being a *publick-spirited* Man, us'd to send me to the Playhouse Doors to take Gentlemen's Watches and Handkerchiefs into my Care, that they might not have their Pockets pick'd; yet so absurd were some People that I was absolutely oblig'd to take them sily; and could never find out the Persons who own'd them 'till I saw them advertis'd in the *Dublin Journal*; when they were always return'd safe — with a small Gratuity for my extraordinary Care — My Dexterity in this Way came at last to the Ears of the *Managers*, who took me into Pay to play the Part of a Beggar who was to deliver a Letter to a Gentleman, and
at

at the same Time pick his Pocket of his Handkerchief, but I *inadvertently* took his Pocket-Book too, which I forgot to return him, and so, *upon my Honour*, he broke my Head for it, which has been of infinite Use to my Memory ever since. — Notwithstanding this *Fo-paw* I was honour'd afterwards with the Place of *Candle-snuffer*; here I was *allow'd* to excell; and as all — even the greatest Geniusses must mount by Degrees, I in a little Time came to be *Keeper* of those *Candles* I before had *snuffed*. —

But now the Eyes of the World began to open: my Parts were seen; my Abilities were discover'd; I play'd the Part of *Monimia* with vast Success; I say, vast; for the Audience all agreed, there was no one Thing against me but my *Figure*, my *Face*, and my *Voice*. — You see, Sir, how I have been abus'd; you see, I have. — But here I must remark — that to please *Nick Rowe*, I am determin'd to play *Lothario* for Miss *M—ckl—n's* Benefit — you may tell him of it: — for *Garrick* had never any Merit there but what arose from his *Tissue Frock* and *White Sattin Breeches*. — But to return

to my Story ; when I had play'd *Monimia*, I came to *London*, and not *pleasing the Fools* as a *Player*, I turn'd *Oculist* ; and there I practis'd with Success ; for if I did not entirely remove a *mortal Film* from the Eye of the late *Mr. H—ll—m* only with the End of a Stick, a meer Walking-stick, I wish I may never see a Man in my Inquisition again. — To be sure, I had like to have been hang'd for't ; but what of that ? *All Envy* of superior Merit again. — In a Word, I perceiv'd that I was *universally bated* by the Town who have as yet always been in the Wrong, and therefore I thought of the *Undertaking* I am now embark'd in, as I made no Doubt but that being by all the Kingdom dislik'd, I must of Necessity be encouraged. —

And yet some how or other it has not as yet answered my Expectations, but as the World is at present with us, an Undertaking of this Kind, so laudable an Institution, a Scheme so Meritorious and Praise-worthy must not hope for great Favour. Nay even the Society at the *Robinhood* is almost quite deserted. —

I could

I could almost be contented to be with you and my Brother Critics, for I begin to grow a weary of the Sun: and you would laugh to hear the Betts laid here in our World about me; one has laid, that I am in Bedlam in eight Weeks; another, that by that Time, my Place will be no more found in Covent Garden, but he does not specify where I shall be; Ah! upon my Honour, I do insist upon it, that the People are all mad; I say, mad. —

I have sent you down by Sammy a Volume of my Lectures, with Drawings of some Attitudes I gave in Hamlet, and other Plays; as also, my own Tragedy of P—rk—n W—rb—ck, which will serve to entertain you over your Nectar some Morning. —

As for the Lectures, you have them to be sure at a Disadvantage, — as my speaking them was every thing. —

I am informed that John Milton has express'd himself somewhat slightly of me, in wishing that I would let his *Paradise Lost*
lie

lie quiet: — You may tell him that he need not be at all uneasy, for I had only a Mind to see how far my manner of Reading would set off a Thing that had no great Merit of itself; for you know if I had intended to have got a *fine Piece* to deliver to the *Public*, I might have got many a better than that; I might have read a Piece of *Dodley's Agriculture*, or my *PERKIN*; or I might have regaled them with my Translation of *Metastasio*, tho' to be sure that must suffer somewhat as I wrote it from Mr. —'s *English* one which he translated from the *French*, which was translated from the *Latin*, which was done *immediately* from the *original Italian*. Tho' indeed I am afraid to venture any Poetical Production of mine to the *Public*, — such a *Public* — for I happen'd to affirm the other Night that *Sallust* of all your *Latin Poets* had the most Merit, and they all exploded my Opinion as bad. —

Love send me from them; mean while you have inclos'd a Lecture I intend to give next Week, and I shall be glad to have your Opinion.

Opinion of it, by return of Post; *mean*
while believe me,

My dear Sir,

Yours eternally,

C. M.

Sammy who brings you this, is
 perhaps the greatest Mimic that
 ever was, and will take off any
 thing to divert you or your Friends;
 nay, he will take off your Port-
 manteau, or a Bank Note, or any
 thing that's near him. —

THE LECTURE.

Gentlemen

BEFORE I enter on what I have *to say*,
I must beg Leave to be *heard* a few
Moments. Whenever a *Public* is assembled
by any Man — it is the Duty of that Man
— *I say* — it is that Man's Duty to enter-
tain them in as pleasing a Manner as he can :
and at the same Time to treat them with
all that Respect which *the Majesty of the*
Publick may justly demand. — This is not
only the Duty of me — No: *I say*, No:
— *I do insist upon it*, that it is a Duty you
owe one to another — and it is a Duty that
you *shall pay* to each other, while *I preside*
here ; and give me Leave to say — that I
think it right — whatever the Malice of
my Enemies may suggest, some of whom I
make

make no Doubt are here — that you all —
every one of you — *pull off your Hats;* —

The Lecture,

Gentlemen,

is on the *Learning of the Ancients*.
I shall here, Gentlemen, take an Opportunity to explain to you the Meaning of the Word — *Learning*. — *Learning as I take it to be*, is that Knowledge, that Instruction, that Sort of Science which the *more ignorant Individual* imbibes from the *more knowing one*: now whether the *Ancients* excell'd the *Moderns* in this Point, or not, is what lays on me to clear — By the bye, I must here remark, that the World has all along call'd themselves *Moderns*, and the People who went before them, *Ancients*; now, *Gentlemen* (if I am wrong, I hope some ingenious Gentleman will correct me; I hope, he will; nay, I am sure, somebody will; for give me Leave to say, I always look on your Disapprobation of what I advance, as a great Honour;) now, Gentlemen, I say, it is my *Opinion*, and I *do insist on it*, that as the World is older now by 1600 Years, than

It was in the Time of *Augustus* and the 6th
Harry that we ought to be termed the
Ancients.

Mr. F——, Gentlemen, Mr. F——, a
 Man whom I have kept from starving —
 a Fellow that I have any time these ten
 Years kept from Jail — whom I have con-
 stantly supply'd since our first Acquaintance
 with *clean Linnen* and *old Clothes* — that
 F—— I say, Gentlemen — excuse my
 Warmth — that F—— is at this Instant
 abusing me in the *Haymarket*; even now
 while I am entertaining you here; and all
 this because I one Night at my *Oratory* in-
 advertently call'd him — a *Coward* and a
Scoundrel — I scorn to return his Abuse —
 I do — I scorn it — but upon my *Word* and
Credit, I do insist on it, that he is a *Scoun-
 drel* and a *Pick-pocket*. —

But to return to my Subject — after three
 and twenty Years playing, and I think I
 may say good playing, when I had intro-
 duc'd Miss *M——n* to the *Public*, and
 was preparing to take my Child to *Paris* to
 make her a *complete Lady*; I say, just then

I re-

I receiv'd a Message from the Manager, that he had no need of me farther: What was I now to do? The *Publick* would not interest themselves in my Quarrel; I say then what was I now to do? I could not quite drop the *Gentleman* that I had always been; I could not be a *Tradesman*. I undertook then — I say — I undertook — this Undertaking. — And I look on myself as a *Martin Luther*: — You may laugh, Gentlemen; I say you may laugh, but I do insist on it that I am the *British MARTIN LUTHER*, — and I will reform — I say — if People will mind what I say, I will reform — I will reform all *Covent Garden*. —

F I N I S.

In a few Days will be publish'd,
Three E S S A Y S.

1. On Impudence. 3. On Scandal,
2. On Ignorance.

By C. M——n, Gent,

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 I could not be a Tradesman. I undertook
 then — I say — I undertook — this Under-
 taking. — And I look on myself as a Man
 taking: — You may laugh, Gentlemen: I
 say you may laugh, but I insist on it that
 I am the British Nation's Friend, — and
 I will reform — I will reform — I will reform
 what I say, I will reform — I will reform
 all Current Gossip. —

F I W I S

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